

Arlington



Advocate.

CHARLES S. PARKER, Editor and Proprietor.

Devoted to the Local Interests of the Town.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR. Single copies 5 cents.

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ARLINGTON, MASS., FRIDAY, JANUARY 27, 1893.

No. 5.

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Some Death Losses Paid by the Mass. Mutual Life Ins. Co.

From Oct. 20, 1892, to Nov. 20, 1892.

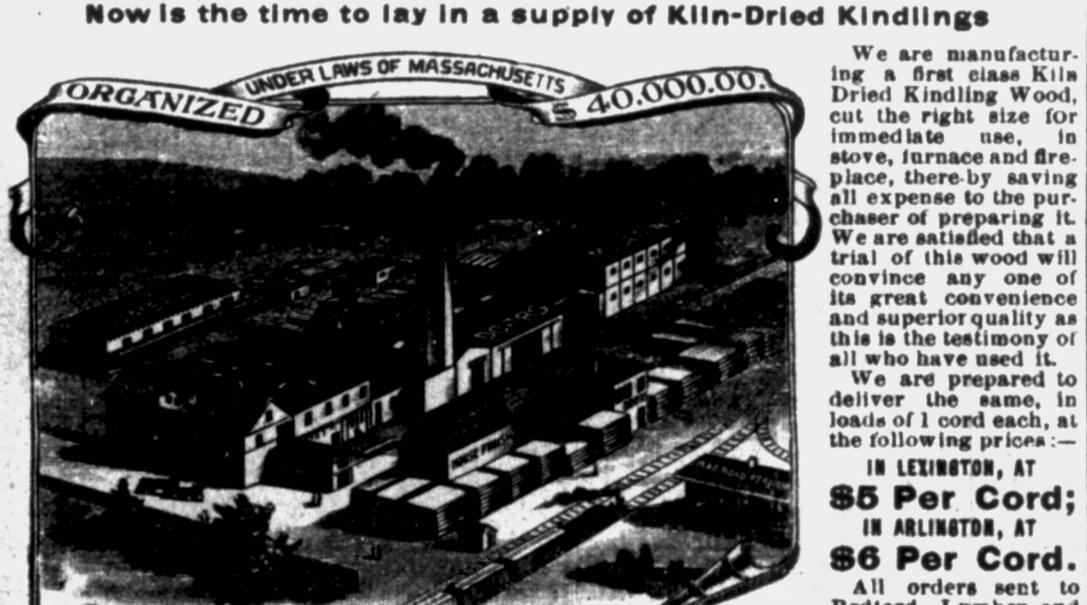
Name of Insured and Residence at Time of Death. Amount of Policy Including Additions. Premiums Paid Less Dividends. Profit on Investment.

Name of Insured and Residence at Time of Death.	Amount of Policy Including Additions.	Premiums Paid Less Dividends.	Profit on Investment.
Isaac D. Allen, Newton, Mass.	\$1,000	\$169.36	\$833.64
John B. Stewart, Auburndale, Mass.	2,000	515.54	1,454.46
Catharine M. Hess, Philadelphia, Pa.	4,827	2,619.70	2,207.30
Andrew J. Houghton, Crookline, Mass.	5,000	2,614.15	2,385.85
Wesley E. Peirce, Bamberger, Mass.	1,000	320.35	2,690.65
Andrew J. Houghton, Brookline, Mass.	15,000	3,761.17	1,016.17
Simon B. Folsom, Dover, N. H.	2,000	285.80	1,714.20
William Morris, Covington, Ky.	5,000	574.45	4,425.55
John H. Pope, Forest City, Ark.	5,000	574.45	4,425.55
William M. Runk, Philadelphia, Pa.	10,000	141.20	4,858.80
		452.00	9,548.00

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ARLINGTON ABOUT TOWN MATTERS.

Notices of concerts, lectures, entertainments, etc., to which an admission fee is charged, must be paid for as advertisements, by the line.

=Rev. E. Winchester Donald, rector of Trinity church, Boston, solemnized the marriage of Mr. Henry A. Dexter, of Elmira, N. Y., and Miss Charlotte Lapland Gage, daughter of Mrs. Chas. O. Gage of Cambridge, formerly of Arlington, at Trinity, on Tuesday noon. Miss Gage was well known to society outside of Arlington, having traveled quite extensively in the states and on the continent under her mother's championage, and is the second daughter of the late Chas. O. Gage, who died suddenly last winter, but who, during his life was one of the best known and most influential citizens of Arlington, occupying a fine estate on Pleasant St. Miss Gage has a handsome and distinguished presence and made an exceptionally beautiful bride in her severely plain but rich bridal robe of white satin and carried her honors with great dignity. The bridal veil was of mousseline de soie and outlined the extreme length of the court train also falling over the face being gathered loosely on her dark wavy hair and held in place with a diamond crescent; it was drawn aside from the face at the conclusion of the ceremony. Promptly as the electric bell announced the hour of high noon, the organist struck the chords of the Lohengrin wedding march and the bridal cortège moved up the aisle, the ushers leading, followed by Miss Ruth Reade Gage who was maid of honor to her sister. The bride came next on the arm of Mr. Howard Wyman who gave her away at the chancel rail to her affianced, who was supported by his brother Mr. John Milton Dexter as best man. The ceremony was a simple but impressive one. Miss Ruth Gage wore an original and striking Director gown of pale gray lansdown lined with canary satin with broad lappels and collar of Canary velvet, a large hat of gray with white ostrich plume completing the costume. The wedding party left the church at 12.20 and was driven to the Brunswick. Here in the Venetian suite was served an elegant wedding breakfast. Mr. and Mrs. Dexter left on the 3 p. m., train for New York and sailed for England on the Steamer Majestic, on Wednesday. Their home will be in Oxford, where the bride-groom will continue his studies preparatory to his becoming an Episcopal rector. The ceremony was to have been performed by Bishop Brooks, who was a personal friend of Mr. Dexter, and but for the exigencies of the occasion the ceremony would have been postponed out of the deep respect for the great man who so suddenly passed away, casting a gloom over all. The ushers were Messrs. Charles Hayden, Guy Walker, Dr. J. H. Payne of Boston, Griswold Stowe of Belmont, Wm. Ganott Brown of Alabama, Alex. Lee Bondurant of Virginia, Francis Gordon Coffey of Alabama and Dr. E. D. Hooker of Arlington. Their bone-cremations were fastened with a jeweled gold wish bone, a souvenir from the bride-groom. Only a few Arlington people were present as guests but a number were present in the spectators' seats. The following were among the guests known to society of Arlington:—

We are manufacturing a first class Kiln-Dried Kindling Wood, cut the right size for fireplace use, in stove, furnace and fireplace, thereby saving all expense to the purchaser of preparing it. We are satisfied that a trial of this wood will convince any one of its convenience and superior quality, as this is the testimony of all who have used it. We are prepared to deliver the same, in loads of 1 cord each, at the following prices:—
In Lexington, at \$5 Per Cord;
In Arlington, at \$6 Per Cord.
All orders sent to Bedford Lumber and Mfg. Co., Bedford, Mass., stating street and number, will receive our immediate attention.

Mrs. Gage-Coburn and children, Mr. and Mrs. Reuben Hopkins, Miss Hopkins, Roland Hopkins, Miss Elizabeth J. Newton, the Misses Trowbridge, Mrs. S. A. Smith, Miss Smith, Mr. George Smith, Miss Robbins, Miss Eliza Robbins, Miss Caisa Robbins, Mr. Olney Robbins, Miss Peabody (Boston), Mr. Edgar-D. Parker, Mrs. Varun Frost, Miss Frost, Miss Florence Harris, Miss Olive Gage (Concord), Lewis P. Frost, Esq., Miss Edith Allen, Mrs. F. G. Bucknam, Miss Bucknam.

=The Grand Army "Saturday Night," which occurred on the 21st instant, was the most successful in point of interest and attendance of any yet held, and set a high standard for the committee in charge for next Saturday evening, when the W. R. C. will try their skill as entertainers. The entertainment on the 21st consisted of piano solos and fine accompaniments by Mrs. Mabel (Rawson) Ross; solos which were heartily applauded and repeatedly encored by Mr. Warren W. Rawson; several recitations which "carried the house by storm" given by Prof. Alden and Mrs. Alden, both of Boston, guests of Capt. E. D. Bean; duets and solos by Mr. A. W. Turner and Comrade George H. Ayerill; concert solo by Mr. Ivers Wetherbee. No one of the party was more warmly received than was Mr. Turner, who was at length obliged to decline recalls. After a good collation the company spent an hour or more in dancing and social pleasures. Mr. George H. Ayerill was chairman of the committee in charge.

=The warm weather of Monday and Tuesday cut deeply into the good sleighing which has obtained for the past few weeks.

=The public installation of the officers of Charles V. Marsh Camp 45, Sons of Veterans, was an interesting event in itself and cannot but result in immediate benefit in view of the showing the "Sons" made in the presence of the members of Francis Gould Post 36 and Relief Corps 43, last Friday evening. The exercises were held in Grand Army Hall, and the company participating in the exercises and witnessing the affair as spectators, numbered more than one hundred. The installing officer was Capt. J. H. Powers of Canton, and his familiarity with his duties and the easy grace in which he performed them was highly commendable by all. The following is the full roster for the ensuing term:—

Captain.—John T. Moulton.
1st Lieut.—Arthur Moulton.
2d Lieut.—James Mulholland.
Chaplain.—Major Bacon, 2d.
1st Sergt.—Joseph Hurley.
Q. Master.—Wm. H. Kenniston.
Color Sergt.—E. Gibbons.
Sergt. Gd.—G. Peters.
Musician.—B. Northrop.
Corp. Gd.—C. Northrop.
Camp Gd.—S. Harris.
Picket Gd.—J. Gibbons.

At the conclusion of the installation speech making was in order, and in response to calls Com. A. H. Knowles, Past Com's S. C. Frost and H. D. Durgin spoke from the G. A. R. stand-point; Mrs. E. A. Jacobs and Mrs. S. C. Frost for the W. R. C.; Col. W. S. Stevens responded for the S. of V.; Miss Whitman, of Stoneham, for the recently organized "Daughters of Veterans." The words spoken by the seniors were full of encouragement and pledges of assistance to the boys who must so soon take up the active duties of Memorial Day and supplement the work of the G. A. R., and the prospect is that the coming year will be the most successful one in the history of Camp 45. These formal exercises closed to partake of a fine collation spread in the banquet hall, and later a pleasing entertainment was given, ending in a dance for all who cared to participate.

=Parker & Wood, of which firm Mr. Wm. E. Wood has been senior member for the past nine years, formally sold out his business to the Joseph Breck & Sons Corporation, on Saturday last. The new corporation, the same day, also purchased the entire business property of the old firm of Joseph Breck & Sons, and will henceforth occupy the commodious and beautified store (Nos. 47 to 54 North Market street) formed by uniting the two old stands into one immense salesroom, which work is now nearly completed. While Mr. Wood withdraws the greater portion of his capital and will devote himself exclusively to his interests in the ice tool business of Wm. T. Wood & Co., he still holds a considerable investment in the stock of the new corporation, and will naturally appreciate the inclination of his fellow-towners and friends to continue their purchases of seeds and garden tools at the old place. Joseph Breck & Sons Corporation will also continue the New England agency of Wm. T. Wood & Co.'s ice tools, formerly held by Parker & Wood. Mr. E. O. Hatch, of Waverly, who has been the active managing partner of Parker & Wood during the past four years, will be general manager in the corporation and will personally see that customers are served promptly and efficiently. The capital stock of the corporation is \$125,000, and the officers are: C. H. Breck, president; Chas. H. Breck, treasurer; Jos. F. Breck, secretary; Edw. O. Hatch, general manager; Archibald Smith, seed department manager.

=Rev. Geo. W. Cooke, pastor of the Follen church at East Lexington, gave a highly entertaining and remarkably instructive lecture on "Palestine in the time of Jesus," in Unitarian church, Arlington, Wednesday evening. With the aid of the stereopticon numerous views of the territory and buildings were given and the lecturer's happy faculty of clear explanation made the whole an object lesson of great value to any now engaged in studying the life of Jesus in the Sunday school.

=Last evening, on the home alleys, the A. B. C. team won in the bowling match with Melrose Highlands, 2448 to 2404. Heseltine was high roller for the Arlingtons, with 563, but Berry, of the visitors, went him 6 better in total. Whittemore's score was 500; Marston's 492. This evening the A. B. C. team goes to Dorchester to bowl a game with the club there. Next week Wednesday the Arlingtons bowl with the Casinos on the Norfolk House alleys.

=The second in the subscription parties managed by Miss Homer and Miss Holt, will occur a week from to-night, Feb. 3d, in Town Hall. These select dancing assemblies are anticipated with pleasure by their patrons.

=Lent comes in early this year, Ash Wednesday occurring on Wednesday, Feb. 15.

=The Firemen's Relief Association has its plans well in hand for the annual dancing party.

=Rev. C. H. Watson will preach at the chapel, Arlington Heights, Sunday afternoon, at half past three o'clock.

=Rev. J. C. Tomlinson will preach a sermon appropriate to Christian Endeavor day, Sunday morning, at the Universalist church.

=All in any way connected with the G. A. R. or its auxiliaries are invited to be present at the sociable to be given in Grand Army Hall, to-morrow evening.

=Rev. Charles H. Watson was the university preacher at Colby University on the day of prayer for colleges, which occurred yesterday.

=Next week Friday, in the Selectmen's room, in Town Hall, the County Commissioners will give a hearing on the proposed widening of Mystic St.

=The A. B. C. bowling team visited Salem, last Monday evening, for one of their return games with the club of that city, and were defeated, 2426 to 2229. Whittemore was high bowler on the A. B. C. side, scoring 492 pins. Only one reached the 450 mark.

=The young people's dancing class met as usual on Wednesday afternoon in Town Hall, from four to six. After the lesson those pupils who are to take part in the fancy dances, which will be a feature of the closing party, remained to be instructed by Madam Condell in their "steps."

=A special memorial service of the late Bishop Brooks will be held in St. John's church, from 3.30 to 5, p. m., on Sunday

OLD FATHER PETERS.

By ALFRED R. CALHOUN.

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The desperado swung into the saddle and then his followers sent up a gasp of relief. Not at all ashamed of their work, but with their feelings against Father Peters somewhat allayed, Magoone and his gang, on foot and on horseback, started into the hills.

Then the old clergymen assembled his friends before the ruin and addressed them. He counseled patience and peace. He implored them to avoid gatherings and not to talk, even with those they were sure of, on the subject now exciting the land. This done, he called on all to kneel and to join with him in prayer, and all did so excepting the blacksmith, who with folded arms watched the blue smoke pillar rising from the ruin.

"Brother Bradley," said the old clergyman when he had concluded, "will you lead us in prayer?" Strong in everything he did, the blacksmith during his years of grace had developed a decided talent for prayer. There was a force and a rude eloquence about the man very effective with people of impressionable natures.

"Father Peters," he replied, "I can't pray. Hit don't seem just the thing fo' me to pray to Jesus Christ when he stands by and sees a lot of cussed rebels burn down the house we uns built fo' him. He had the powah to strike 'em dead like lightnin', but did he do it? Not much. That's a heap of coals and ash whar the church was, and that's that d-d Het Magoone off safe with his gang, whin I should a smashed in his skull like the shell of a bird egg and then flung him into the fish."

Father Peters tried to reason with his friend. He repeated all the wise and tried things about the mysterious ways of Providence, the power of prayer, the necessity of keeping alive the faith, and the certainty that truth would triumph; but while still loving and respecting the noble old man, the blacksmith was in no mood to be comforted by words. In effect he replied in this way, and on the men it was evident that his words had a stronger influence than the prayers and exhortations of Father Peters:

"I've got so that I can spell out a few words in the good book, but my youngest boy's got moah downright larnin', fo' he's readin' jography. Still I can think, and I do think right smart, and har's what I've been a thinkin' this blessed day and I say hit without meanin' no disrepect fo' Father Peters nor his kin, fo' I love 'em all. God bless 'em."

"But, after long months of waitin' and prayin', the wah, ez we uns tried to pray off, hez come to the Cumberland hills, and hit do look powerful like to me e'er she'd come fo' a mighty long visit. Wah means fightin' and fiah and blood and death! Wah and religion can't nevah gee. Yo' can't yoke 'em. One pulls noth', the other south. One means trustin' in God, which is all mighty nice and comforin' in peace, the other means trustin' to yo'rself and yo'r rite, and that's the only thing to do in time of wah. I'll go home from har, and mold bullets in the forge while the lead holds out, and I'll take the good book fo' waddin', to help kill the foes of the Lor', d-n 'em!"

"Go to yo'r homes, folks, and think hit ovah. Tell yo'r wives and chillen, uns ez ken tote rifles, that you'll be bleeged to leave 'em mighty soon, for the chile'll come to be shot down like dogs in these hills or to git together and fight our way to the old flag. The men that fired the meetin' house today befoah our eyes, tonight may burn our cabins ovah our heads. If so they don't do hit, hit won't be coz they don't want to, but coz they're skeert. A man with a rifle will have moah powah to keep 'em low than fifty thousand million meetin' houses full of folks a-prayin'."

"So that's why I think religion's all right in its place, and hit may give a powah of comfort to the wimmin when we uns hez to light out, but ez fo' me, I'm in fo' wah, and I feel that I'll be bleeged to give my religion a rest till we decide with our rifles whether a lot of d-d rebels or we Union men is agwine to hev the free run of the hills along the Cumberland. Thar, that's all I have to say, and hit's right smart moh ah t'ended to say when I set out."

Father Peters saw that it would be folly to attempt to change the blacksmith, or to try to hold to his own peaceful views the Union mountaineers that heard him. And then, as his daughter confessed in telling the story, he fully appreciated the force of the blacksmith's reasoning about the war, though the change in the man's religious views had on him a most discouraging effect.

Even the women and children present on this occasion seemed to realize that the war had come to the hills, but they made no outcry, gave no sign of nervousness. If anything, indeed, they appeared to rejoice at the prospect of an excitement that would break in on the dull and brutalizing monotony of their lives.

Promising to keep to themselves and to come together at Bradley's Crossing when the danger became more threatening, the people went sadly to their cabin in the mountains, and that night the children grieved patches, the women molded bullets, and with the grim solidarity of Indians preparing for the war-path the men made ready their arms.

Father Peters went home with his wife and daughter with the feeling of a man who has tried to do his duty and will not be deterred by failure from continuance. He was at this time over seventy years of age, and although never physically vigorous he was active and his mind was as clear and his hope as strong and his desire to save his fellow men as fervid as when he was forty. He did not come of a race that could be cowed or discouraged. He had the Puritanical temper that is slow to wrath unless that wrath is kindled by the divine spark, when it becomes a devouring fire for the glory of God.

After supper that night the old man bid his wife and daughter:

"I have been praying for the light, and it has come. I see God's hand in this war. His wrath must be quenched in blood. We are given over to our idols as a nation, and he will consume them in the furnaces of war. Brother Bradley is about right, and I shall pray that his lapse from grace may be brief."

For two weeks after this the crowds kept away from the blacksmith's shop, and there appeared to be quiet in the hills, but every one felt that it was the quiet that preceded the storm. News came that Het Magoone, who had formerly lived in the Tennessee mountains, had gone south with a band of his followers, and some people drew comfort from this, but Bradley would shake his head and say:

"They're a comin'. Zollicoffer is raisin' in a army down thar by the border, and they're a comin'." And the blacksmith was right.

In the latter part of November, 1861, the mountaineers of southeastern Kentucky were in a state of great alarm. Rumors of a Confederate invasion along the line of the Cumberland river were ripe, and wild and entirely baseless stories of the cruelties perpetrated by Zollicoffer's men, at Zollicoffer's order, were firmly believed. Now and then a ragged refugee from farther south found protection and a stoppage place with Bradley; and these men told their stories of suffering and escape, only to increase the horrors and indignation of their brethren along the upper Cumberland.

One day a Union man, who lived about fifteen miles south of the Crossing, came running down to the blacksmith's shop with the news that Het Magoone, with a company of men who called him "captain," were in Laurel county, and that they were either killing or forcing into their ranks every Union man they met. As Bradley had been expecting this he could not be surprised. In anticipation of just such an occurrence and the better to assemble the Union men within reach, he had caused piles of dry wood to be gathered on the highest hills for miles around, the smoke by day or the flame by night being the signal to the Union men that they must gather at the Crossing.

As soon as the sun had gone down that night Bradley and a few of his friends went up to the peaks and lighted the fires. On his way back he stopped at Father Peters' house and said in his blunt way:

"The time fo' fightin' hez come, thank the Lor, fo' hit can't be mo' killin' than the worryin' and waitin'. Now git together all the things we ken tote and we'll fetch em down to my place. Thar'll be no use in lockin' up what's left behind of the doggone curs ez is a-comin' har wants to steal 'em. Now let we uns hurry."

Father Peters and his family saw the necessity for action. There was no nervousness on his part, no groans or outcries from the women. They gathered up each a change of clothes and the few little things that are precious because of association rather than for their intrinsic value. The blacksmith prepared a gre load of meal and bacon for himself to carry; then the stock were turned out of the inclosure, so that they might be able to find water, if need be, for themselves; the doors were closed but not locked, and then, with the great fires burning on the hills about them, the little party started down to the Crossing.

By ten o'clock that night thirty-one men and half as many women, the latter wives or sweethearts, had assembled in the blacksmith's shop. Those from the farthest points south had seen the Confederates, and there could be no doubt as to their purpose or their destination.

Bradley sent out pickets—"spies" he called them—to give warning of the approach of the enemy; then he started a fire in the forge, fastened a few tallow dips to the black walls, and, having commanded attention, he stood up on the anvil block and shouted:

"Boys, what shall we uns do—retreat to the noth or stand and fight?"

This was followed by a few seconds of a silence so intense that every man could hear the beating of his own heart, and with frightened eyes the women looked from face to face. At length a strong, clear, familiar voice rang out:

"In the name of Great Jehovah we will stand and fight!"

All eyes turned in the direction of the sound, but not to ascertain the speaker. Into the full light of the forge, which a strong arm kept blowing, walked Father Peters with the battle light in his eyes and a rifle in his hand. A moment of awed silence, then the blacksmith shouted:

"For Father Peters, boys! Cheer, d—n you, cheer!"

And they did cheer and swung their hats, and their eyes blazed till it seemed as if there were no further need of the tallow dips or the blue flames of the forge.

"My friends," said Father Peters, "God is watching and not listening now, and so a prayer must be an act. Tonight, perhaps, within the hour, we shall be called on to strike a blow for the Union under the lead of Brother Bradley. Are you all ready to do it?"

"We uns are!" was the response, given by one man.

"And are you ready to swear to this?"

"Yes!" with thrilling emphasis. The old clergyman drew from his breast a small United States flag that he had carried off among the precious things from his house. He always hung it over the meeting house door on Washington's birthday and Fourth of July, so that the people knew it. Indeed, it was the only flag of the Union a major of them had ever seen, but its rarity seemed to intensify their devotion to it. Standing in their midst Father Peters called on every man who was willing to swear allegiance to the Union to uncover his head and take hold of a margin of the flag with his right hand. This was promptly done by every man in the Mount.

"Now, my friends, I want each man to repeat his name aloud when I repeat mine and to say my words after me. Are you ready?"

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

Established 1810.

Originated by an Old Family Physician,

For INTERNAL as much as EXTERNAL Use.

For Group, Colds, Coughs, Sore-Throat, Cramps, Pains.

It is marvelous how many different complaints it will cure. Its strong point lies in the fact that it acts quickly.

Healing all Cuts, Burns and Bruises like Magic. Relieves all manner of Bowel Complaints. To be taken in water.

DO YOU SEE THE POINT? Although originated by an Old Fam-

ily Physician in 1810, Johnson's Anodyne Liniment

could not have survived over eighty years except for the

fact that it possesses extraordinary merit for Household use.

Positive Cures Catarrh, Influenza, Asthma, Bronchitis, Lameness of Muscles, Stiff Joints, Strains and Nerv-

ous Headache. Retail price, 35 cents. Six bottles \$2.00, express prepaid, if you can't get it near home. Ask first.

Sold by druggists. Full information sent free. J. S. JOHNSON & CO., 22 Custom House Street, Boston, Mass.

A hoarse, solemn "Yes" was the response.

"I, Robert Peters," every man shouted his name and raised his face to the black rafters of the smithy, "in the presence of Almighty God, do invoke his aid and pray that he may set against my name in the eternal records this, the solemn oath which I herein take of my own free will and accord: That I from this time on devote my best efforts and strength, and if need be my life, to the maintenance of the Union of my fathers. That by night and by day, early and late, in summer's sun and winter's snow, I will work for the restoration of the seceded states to the Union, and consider suffering and privation a pleasure in this effort. Goods and lands, hands and life I solemnly devote to this holy purpose; and if called on to battle I will battle as did the children of God of old, till the flag of our fathers, of ourselves and of our children floats again in glory over every foot of our land. So help me, God, and give me strength to keep this, my most solemn oath and obligation."

And this oath in that blacksmith's shop that night was the origin of the mighty Union League which soon after numbered its secret adherents by the millions.

A few words and signs, to enable Union men to tell each other at night as well as in the daytime, were agreed on.

Then the old clergyman asked if they would unite with him in prayer. Every man, including strong Dick Bradley, knelt down in the cinders and ashes, and even the man working the bellows knelt, though he did not cease his efforts.

And as Father Peters prayed shots were heard up the hill. This was followed by cries of alarm, and with white faces the pickets came running in, shouting as they ran:

"Het Magoone! Het Magoone and the gang!"

The men extinguished the lights in the smithy, seized their rifles and rushed out.

The beacon fires had died out along the hills, but to the south there could be seen a newer fire. It came from the direction of the clergyman's house. A few minutes of watching and all doubts were at rest, for the flames broke through the roof, and the humble home where Father Peters hoped to end his days was in flames.

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"Het Magoone! Het Magoone and the gang!"

The men extinguished the lights in the smithy, seized their rifles and rushed out.

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"There is a man approaching with a white flag."

The white flag proved to be a handkerchief fastened to the end of a sword. This was responded to by fastening Ella's handkerchief to the end of a rifle, which Dick Bradley carried as he and Father Peters walked down to meet the two men in gray who were approaching. The fear that these people belonged to Het Magoone's gang was soon set at rest. They were dressed in gray uniforms, and the network of gold lace on the collar and sleeves of one of the men indicated that he was an officer. As Father Peters and Bradley went down to meet the truce, it was decided that the former should do the talking, so when the Confederate announced himself as belonging to General Zollicoffer's command, and peremptorily demanded to know who the people up the hill were, he was answered:

"We are Union men making our way to the north, but we do not want a fight unless it is forced on us."

"Why are you going north?" was the next question.

"We deny your right to ask," replied Father Peters.

"I am here to prevent recruits going through to the enemy, and if you do not surrender you must take the consequences," said the Confederate.

"We are quite ready for that," said the old clergyman.

"And if nothing but a fight will suit you uns," broke in Strong Dick Bradley, "come on, jest as quick ez you uns doggone please. Now go back and tell yo' rebels that."

The Confederate became gentler after this, but beyond learning the purpose of each other the truce resulted in no good.

As soon as Father Peters and Bradley rejoined the party, two young men, who declared that they could reach Camp Dick Robinson without food or sleep, were detailed to make their way to the north and to inform the first Union troops they reached of the condition of the fugitives whom they had left behind. This precaution, as will presently be seen, proved the salvation of the mountaineers.

The Confederates numbered about a hundred men, cavalry or mounted rifles, as could be seen when the clouds rolled away and the sun came out. The enemy were green and undrilled, as were most of the troops on both sides at that time, but the officer in command evidently understood his business. Leaving a guard with the horses grazing in the valley, he advanced his men in open order, and evidently with orders to protect themselves as best they could till they came within rifle range.

"I recall," said Miss Peters, "that I saw all this without any increase of fear, nor was I at all shocked at seeing my father on his knees with his rifle protruding through an opening in the rocks. Indeed it appeared to me like an act of habitual devotion. I wanted to do something, and if there had been an unused rifle within reach I am sure I should have obeyed the impulse to use it."

"I never admired Strong Dick Bradley so much before. I expected that he would rave and swear, but instead he went softly from man to man, uncaring for the exposure, and whispering, 'Low and stiddy, boys; low and stiddy, and not too doggone high!'"

As the Confederates advanced without drawing the fire of the men on the hill, they began to feel that the task was easy, for they yelled in that peculiar Indian-like way that afterward distinguished them in battle. They became more reckless and began to expose themselves, when an irregular fire opened on them from the rocks.

It was not till a dozen men had fallen that the Confederates began to get a true estimate of the enemy. This was the first conflict in which any of them had ever participated, and so the courage of the bravest began to cool at the sight of blood. They threw themselves on the ground and opened a mild fusilade at the rocks on the hill.

"One of our men got a shot through the fleshy part of his left arm," said Miss Peters. "The sight of the blood made me shudder when I came to tie the wound up in a handkerchief that had been used as a flag of truce; but confidence and hope returned when the young fellow said, with a laugh, as if he rather enjoyed it, 'Lor bless you, Ella, that ain't nothin' to what I did fo' one of them sinners ez was fo' climbin' up this hill.'

"The young man had just returned to his place, and I was about to rejoin mother, when I was startled by a low cry. Then I saw father reeling back, with an awful look in his eyes. I ran to him and reached out my arms to help him, but he fell—fell at my feet—dead."

"God forgive me! but at that instant I did not fully feel our terrible loss. The impulse came to me to take the rifle that had fallen from his hands and to fill his place, and I am sure that I should have done so had not mother fainted."

"I recall that Dick Bradley quickly and tenderly lifted the body back to where the men could not see it, and he whispered, 'Don't take on loud; don't let the boys know our loss till we've licked them bounds down the hill!'"

And during that morning and well on into the afternoon the mountaineers fought without knowing that Father Peters was dead. It was evident to Bradley that the enemy had been re-enforced, and he began to fear for the coming night, when to his great joy and surprise, he saw the Confederates hurrying down to their horses and galloping away.

Soon after this a bugle sounded the advance up the valley, and two squadrons of the First Kentucky cavalry came into view. The young men sent out that morning had brought the re-enforcements.

Father Peters was buried on the hill where he fell, and there he lay till through General Garfield, the body was taken to the western reserve after the war.

The subsequent record of Bradley was entirely characteristic, and some day when my data are more full I will write them out. It is known that he killed Het Magoone after that desperado had offered to surrender. And it is also known that he tore the colors of the Third Middle Tennessee from the staff at Chickamauga and carried them in his breast till his escape from Andersonville, eighteen months afterward.

THE END.

Not Superstitious.

Uncle Job McIntosh, an elderly negro who lived not many years ago on one of the Georgia sea islands with his wife Hannah, used frequently to rebuke his wife for her "slooperstishin." "Yo's a heap too slooperstishis, Harnah," he would say. "Why ain' you done observe me, ole 'oman? Yo' ain' neber seen me min no slooperstishin. Dey ain' no dog howlin' wot kin skeer me; dey ain' no black cat wot kin make me beeblee dat Ize g'ain fer to die!"

Aunt Hannah paid no attention. She was accustomed to let Job assert his superior virtues without contradiction, being quite aware that he was no better nor wiser than his fellows.

The very night after this positive assertion on Job's part of his independence of superstitions Aunt Hannah was suddenly taken very ill with cholera morbus. Job, after satisfying himself that her case was really alarming, set out just at sunrise to fetch the doctor.

He was just making his way in a depressed frame of mind through the path overgrown with wild orange and jasmin that leads from his cabin to the boat landing. His eyes were upon the ground. Suddenly he became aware that some object was confronting him on the path and he looked up with a start.

There standing facing him was a big black cat, its glossy back arched, its tail erect and swollen to what seemed an extraordinary size, and its golden eyes glittering in the light of the rising sun. It was merely some wandering tabby of large size returning from a night's foray and startled by Job's quick approach in to making a bold show of resistance, but to the negro's dazed eyes it was an unusual, seeing that Scrooby never went home until he had finished his "market lowance."

He was sitting in the bar parlor just then, leisurely soaking his capacious body with gin and water, and the ostler knew that the gray mare would have to stand in its stall for a good hour yet.

But it was something very unusual to see Jerry Mott's stout pony in the stable at that time, and the ostler was curious to know the reason of the carrier's delay. As a usual thing, Jeremiah was off and away before 6.

"Yew be late tonight, Master Mott," said the ostler as Jerry approached the stable door. "You'm away home afore this in general."

"Ah!" Jeremiah heaved a long sigh. "Ah! You be right, William; yes, you be right. Outward at 12 and inward at 6—them is my rule, as a hewsual thing—yes, oh, dear, yes."

"Well, yew be two hours late in going inwards tonight, then, Master Mott, for tis 8 now by parish church clock."

"Ah, dear, yes!" said Jerry, helping the ostler to yoke the stout pony into the shafts of the carrier's cart. "But I was two hours late in startin' from Willowmere, ye see, Willum. Oh, ah—yes of course. Trouble, Willum, trouble it was that did it. 'All flesh is grass,' ain't it, now, Willum?"

"Ah, yew be right, Master Mott. Yes, man as is born of woman"—very powerful effectin words them be. Somebody dead, Master Mott?"

"Yes," said Jerry, heaving another prodigious sigh. "Oh, yes, Willum. My little granddowter."

"Nay, What, Bob's little g'el? I be sorry to hear on t', Master Mott. And the only one they had too! Dear, dear!"

"Ah!" sighed Jerry. "Ten month old this very day, and as fine a child as ever yew did see. The way it took nourishment! Oh! but tis a wold o' trouble is this, now—ain't it, Willum?"

"Yew be right there," said William. "There do be a deal o' deaths. Old Simon Brown died last week—matter o' ninety-fower he were. Ah, very sad is this world—so it is."

"Aye," said Jerry, climbing into his cart and swinging his lantern over its contents to see that they were all safe; "aye, Willum, we be all born to trouble, accordin' to the Scripther. Take it very bad, do some on us, too, when we be called to kiss the rod too."

"Human natur, Master Mott, human natur. Yés, I reckon Bob and his pore wife'll take it very hard. Dear, dear, a deal they did think o' that child, sure-ly."

"The way it were dressed—like quality infant. Ah, a sore trouble indeed."

"Aye, Willum, and, ye see, all the more so 'cause Bob and his wife has no more. Oh, a very desolate house indeed, I assever you, Willum, when I come away. 'Bob, my lad,' I says, 'yew bear up. Listen to parson, Bob,' I says. 'Let him speak comfortable words, I says.'

"To be sure," agreed the hostler. "Tis very reasonable in bit o' religion when a man's in trouble."

"Aye!" said Jerry, gathering up the reins. "Aye! Buried it today they did, Willum. Alongside my old woman it is—God rest 'em both! Well, good night, Willum—a very sad world is this here."

Jerry went rumbling out of the yard and through the archway into the glarings lights of the market place. Usually he had stopped his pony at the sweet-stuff shop and purchased a "marketing" for Bob's baby; tonight he drove sadly past, for the baby was dead and beyond the reach of lollipop. He could see the little green grave in Willowmere churchyard in his mind's eye as he drove slowly out of Cornchester and turned into the dark country lane that led homeward. Such a tiny mound it was—how strange that it covered so much of human love and sorrow!

It is six miles from Cornchester to Willowmere, and between the market town and the sleepy village lie two other places—one a rather large colliery village called Pitmouth, the other a tiny hamlet called Little Ashby. It was old Jerry's duty to call at both these places. There were parcels to deliver and commissions to give an account of. Presently therefore he pulled up at the Blue Pig in Pitmouth, and after collecting half a dozen miscellaneous parcels from his cart disappeared into the inn. His pony remained quietly outside. It was accustomed to stay in the same spot every Saturday evening for at least half an hour.

Everything was very quiet inside the inn. The village lay a hundred yards farther along the road, and the Blue Pig was therefore comparatively lonely.

Thus it happened that no one was about when a woman, carrying a square basket hamper, came cautiously from the direction of the village and approached Jeremiah Mott's cart. She looked around to see that no one watched her, and then laid the basket very gently among the straw in the body of the vehicle. For a moment she lingered, then she drew the

HOW I LOVE HER.

Go, laughing, leaping, romping rill—
Go where my love is straying,
And in the pools, when you are still,
Then list to what she's saying,
And with the sunny, summer skies
Of azure arched above her,
Show her her own angelic eyes
And tell her how I love her.
—C. Warman in New York Sun.

A WAIF.

The great yard of the King George inn at Cornchester was almost emptied of men, horses and vehicles when Jeremiah Mott, the Willowmere carrier, entered it. It was then 8 o'clock of a winter evening, and nearly everybody had gone home from market. The stables of the King George were almost empty. In its accustomed corner stood old Farmer Scrooby's gray mare, but that was not unusual, seeing that Scrooby never went home until he had finished his "market lowance."

He was sitting in the bar parlor just then, leisurely soaking his capacious body with gin and water, and the ostler knew that the gray mare would have to stand in its stall for a good hour yet.

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shawl closely about her face and hurried away.

At the end of half an hour Jerry emerged from the inn, climbed to his seat, bade the pony proceed and rolled away again. He left the colliery village behind him and was soon in the open country. Left to himself once more the little green grave in Willowmere churchyard began to haunt him again. He sighed as he pictured the lonely cottage at home. Bob and his wife would be there waiting his return, and no doubt still sorely troubled by their bereavement.

"Eh," sighed Jerry to himself, "what a deal o' difference a little un dew make, sure-ly! I'd gi' a hundred good guineas to have it back."

The road grew rather rough. They had been laying down a course of dross upon it, and the pony staggered a bit as he picked his way in the darkness over the sharp points. The cart had no springs, and it began to jolt and shake somewhat. Presently it got over the stones and onto smooth surfaces again. Then Jerry was suddenly aware of a child's faint cry somewhere close at hand. He started and pricked his ears like a watchdog.

"Seems to me like a child a-cryin," said he. "Yes; 'tis a child, sure-ly. Whoa, Robin, lad! Let's see what this may be. Whoa, then!"

The pony stopped, and Jeremiah got down, and having lighted his lantern went over toward the hedge-side. The cry had stopped then. He looked about him curiously, but saw nothing. "Must be on t'other side," said he, and went stamping across the lane. Then the faint cry came again, and the carrier straightened himself up in amazement.

"Blessed if 'tain't in my cart!" said he. "Well—well—this do be very tickler strange. A child cryin in my cart."

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Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

EAST LEXINGTON LOCALS.

—Last evening the History Class had for its subject, "Peace and Era of Good Feeling."

—A delegation from here, with their pastor, attended the South Middlesex Conference at Concord, on Wednesday.

—The evening school is very successful thus far. If the knowledge gained equals the pleasure received, the scholars will be fortunate.

—Weather prophets say this will be the last week of good sleighing. Perhaps so, and perhaps with this old-fashioned winter we will have "six weeks of sleighing in March."

—Next Sunday morning the subject of Mr. Cooke's sermon will be "The Evolution of Morals." In the evening the lecture will be on "Jesus in Galilee," illustrated with the stereopticon. Collection at the door to meet expenses.

—The card for the Follen church for January states that Rev. E. L. Rexford, pastor of Roxbury Universalist church, will give a lecture in the church Tuesday evening, January 31st, which will be free. Subject, "The Successive Steps of Universalism."

—Our village was so full of measles and so few children were able to attend school, it was thought advisable to close the schools for this week. The teachers were requested to occupy the time in visiting the schools here and in other places.

—Some of our people who are relatives and friends attended, Wednesday evening, the wedding of Miss Amy Holbrook and Mr. John L. Ayer, at Winchester. Miss Holbrook resided here many years and was a graduate of our High school. She has the warmest congratulations of those who knew her in our village.

—This (Friday) evening the "Young Ladies' Lend-a-Hand Club" will hold a "library party" at Mrs. Cooke's. This club has invited the "Young Men's Lend-a-Hand Club" to join with them and they invite the other young people. All who take part must personate some book. The one who makes the greatest number of correct guesses receives the prize; the least number, the booby prize.

—The great, good and gifted seem to have been taken from our midst in the twinkling of an eye, since the advent of this new year, and now all hearts are sorrowing over the death of Phillips Brooks, whose life was filled with noble activities. We felt that he was comparatively young, with many more years full of fruitful service still in store, but though dead he still lives in the hearts and memories of tens of thousands of people.

—Rev. G. W. Cooke preached last Sabbath on "Membership in a Free Church," and his lecture in the evening was on "Ought Women to Vote?" Mr. Cooke believes unhesitatingly in woman's suffrage. One reason is because of the large amount of property held by women, which is taxed without representation, and also that it will be an incentive for the higher education of woman and really raise the standard of the polls. The lecture was good and very convincing.

—Thursday afternoon, January 19th, at St. Bridget's church at the centre, at 3:30 o'clock, Miss Nora J. Barry was united in marriage with Bartlett J. Harrington. The church, which is very beautiful in every respect, was well filled with relatives and friends of the couple, when the bride, who looked lovely in a dress of pearl white Henrietta, en traine, trimmed with pearl silk lace, and a long silk tulle veil, and the bridegroom in the conventional suit of black, with white gloves and necktie, attended by Miss Annie Barry, a sister of the bride (who was very pretty in her cream white cashmere and lace), and Mr. Peter Harrington, a brother of the groom, walked up the aisle and stood before the altar. Father Kavanaugh read the impressive marriage service, and then they knelt while the solemn nuptial rites were made more sacred with the ring. At their pretty home on Main street they received their relatives and intimate friends, and at 8 o'clock, in Village Hall, Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett J. Harrington held a large reception. Guests were present from Boston, Hyde Park, Somerville, Chelsea, Bedford, Cambridge and Lexington, including some of the members of the Catholic Lyceum Association of Lexington, the members of the Adams Hose and Chemical Engine Co., dressed in uniform, and also the East Lexington Brass Band, which surprised all present by its fine playing. It is comparatively in its infancy, having been started this fall, and yet it made Village Hall resound with its enlivening music and added much to the pleasure of the evening. Caterer Hardy furnished an excellent supper, and about one hundred and fifty did ample justice to the bill of fare. After all were well filled Mr. Black, in behalf of the firemen and some of the honorary members (after placing upon a table on the platform an elegant onyx clock), in a few well-chosen words alluding to the respect which the company felt toward their brother fireman, and their warm congratulations for him and his fair bride, he presented them with this clock, which would mark the flight of time for them in the coming years. The bride took the key and set the lovely time-piece on its life journey. Foreman Black called upon several members and ex-members present to speak, and they responded in a few words of pleasantness. Chief Engineer

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Nourse said his brother fireman (Mr. Harrington) had made a good fireman, a good citizen, and he knew he would make a good husband. Mr. Harrington responded and said there were times when one is struck dumb, and he felt so at that time; but he thanked them all most heartily for their kind remembrance and the East Lexington Band for the surprise which it had given him and the pleasure all had received from the good music. Owing to the lateness of the hour and the impossibility of being able to get the tables removed the dancing had to be given up, and the company left with the heartiest good wishes for bride and bridegroom. Previous to this, three rousing cheers and a tiger were given for the happy couple who had provided such an elegant reception for their guests. They were the recipients of the following beautiful presents, and they desire us, in their behalf, to thank all for their great kindness: Five handsome pictures, beautifully framed, three large lamps, a chenille parlor table cover, table linen and towels, four handsome chairs and a couch, Turkish rug, a stove, tidiess, toilet sets, cupboards, exquisitely embroidered suspenders, two statues and two vases, hand-painted plates on easels, dining and tea set (142 pieces), silk handkerchiefs, jardinier, two cake baskets, china hand-painted oyster dish, cracker jar, water pitcher, glass dishes, silver salt shaker, three solid silver sugar tongs, pair of solid silver dessert spoons and six solid silver tea spoons, two butter knives, two silver napkin rings, half dozen silver knives, lemonade set, silver teapot, spoon holder and molasses pitcher, three butter dishes, china cake basket, and last, but not least, a check, which is always an acceptable present. Mr. Rufus Holbrook and Mr. Peter Gillooly had a loaf of bread made at Hardy's bakery which was six and one-half feet long. It was a nice present, for bread is surely the staff of life. They will keep it, for it is a great curiosity. We extend our warmest congratulations to the happy couple, and none know better than Mr. Harrington how to make the foundation of a home strong and sure, for he has made so many out of the solid rock. They will be happy to receive their friends at their home on Main street.

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CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.

Topic for the Week Beginning Jan. 29.

Comment by Rev. S. H. Doyle.

TOPIC.—The day of small things. God's blessing upon it. (Christian Endeavor Day.) Zech.

iv, 10; Job viii, 5-7.

No movement in modern times in church lines has so wonderfully illustrated that under God's blessing small things may become great as the Christian Endeavor movement. Organized in the winter of 1880-1 to meet the needs of an individual church, today it has spread itself all over the Christian world. In 1881 there were but two societies and a membership of sixty-eight. Today there are in Christendom over 31,000 societies, with a membership not less than 1,500,000. In the rebuilding of the temple by Zerubbabel we have another illustration of the same character (Zech. iv, 10), and in Job viii, 5-7, Bildad makes the statement that under God's blessing, "Though thy beginning was small, yet thy latter end should greatly increase."

Note.

1. Man's attitude toward the day of

small things (Zech. iv, 10). Zerubbabel

was rebuilding the temple at Jerusalem.

The beginning was very small in compari-

son to the great work that must be done.

It was so small that both friend

and enemy despised it as a day of small

things. This is an illustration of man's

usual attitude toward the day of small

things. One usual tendency is to de-

spise and to look upon with contempt

and disgust whatever has a small and

insignificant beginning. It is not until

it has reached reached gigantic propor-

tions and yields untold influence that a

new movement gains our admiration and

unqualified applause. Lot thought Zoar

of no consequence, because it was a little

city. Elijah thought God's cause was of

no influence in the reign of Jezebel, be-

cause it was not supported by large

numbers of open advocates. The people

despised the temple because it was a

small and unpretentious. Christ's

kingdom was doubtless ridiculed in its

early history because it was the day of

small things with it. Such is man's at-

titude toward trifles; but it is a false one, for, as Michael Angelo, the sculptor, says, "Trifles make perfection, and per-

fection is no trifle." Everything must

have a beginning, and, no matter how in-

significant that beginning, under God's

blessing the end may be great.

2. "God's attitude toward the day of

small things" (Zech. iv, 10). God never

despises small beginnings. He blesses

them, and they become great. The tem-

ple was completed because he was in the

work and it was his work. In God's

work the day of small things is not to be

despised. He is all powerful, and what

may seem impossible to man is possible

to God. Though the instruments may

be weak and insignificant, yet under

God's blessing great results may be

achieved. The mountain of difficulty

becomes as a level plain. The small

stone cut out of the mountain without

hand increases until it fills the whole

earth. The grain of mustard used be-

comes a great tree. The loaves and fishes

multiply until thousands are fed. De-

spite not the day of small things. Per-

form earnestly and faithfully all duties,

small and great, and leave results with

God.

Bible References—Ps. xxxvii, 16; Prov.

xv, 16; Isa. xi, 1-6; Mic. v, 2; Math.

ii, 8; 19; x, 39-42; Mark iv, 30-32; xii,

41-44; Luke xii, 32; xiii, 18, 19; xvi, 10;

I Cor. v, 6; I Tim. vi

"PEE-WEE."

When the morning long was filled with song
That burst from every tree,
I heard a foolish little bird
That only sang "Pee-wee!"
And I spoke out clear, so the bird could hear.
"It really seems to me
If I couldn't sing a different song
Than just 'Pee-wee' Pee-wee!'"
"I'd hide away from the songsters gay
In the thickest greenwood tree,
And I wouldn't sing the foolish thing
To show my low degree."
But the little bird, when he had heard
My wise speech, looked at me
With his bright eyes wide and his head
One side.
And said again, "Pee-wee!"

And I understood the lesson good
The little bird had for me.
God gives one song, and we should sing,
If it only be "Pee-wee!"

—Albert Annett in Youth's Companion.

A CAPTAIN'S DREAM.

"But, sir," said the orderly in respectful remonstrance, "you are annihilated."

"Annihilated!" echoed the captain in indignation.

"Yes, sir; the umpire sent word as you and all your company was swept away by the last discharge of the militia."

"By the militia, too!" exclaimed the captain. "Well, I'm d—d. Here, give me my flask and sandwiches and take the horse."

The captain sat watching the fight as it rolled over to the opposite hill and consuming his sandwiches. He was of course annoyed at being annihilated, but after all he was saved some marching in the sun, and the day was hot. He wondered where he should be likely to find his wife, who had expressed her intention of trying to see something of the maneuvers. By the time, however, that he had finished his lunch and lit his cigar he decided that he did not much want to find his wife, and he lay back and smoked in luxurious ease.

"Talk about meeting death with resignation!" mused he; "why, it's splendid. I'm sorry it was the militia, though. I suppose our charge was rather rash—a Balaklava sort of"—

He nodded off, and his cigar fell from his lips. Hardly had this happened when he was roused by a sweet voice. Opening his eyes, he saw before him a lovely girl.

"I beg your pardon, sir," she said, "but could you tell me where to find mamma?"

The captain looked at the lady. "I am dead," he said; "dead men can't find mammas."

"You don't look very dead," she answered, smiling.

"An Englishman never knows when he is dead," said the captain in hazy reminiscence; "but I have it on the authority of the umpire, if that will do."

"I left mamma just about here," remarked the lady.

"Then she's undoubtedly annihilated also. Nothing bigger than a mouse could have lived through that fire."

"Mamma is much larger than a mouse," said the lady, smiling.

"Won't you sit down?" asked the captain.

The lady, smiling again, sat down. She wore a simple dress of white, and the blue ribbon round her waist was riveted by the blue of her eyes.

"I mustn't stay long," she said.

"At a moment like this," remarked the captain, "a man's memory wanders free through the delightful labyrinths of youth and love!"

"Love! Are you married?"

"I was married," answered the captain.

"And you were thinking of your wife?"

"—while his fancy," pursued the captain, "pictures joys yet in the future—perhaps the near future."

The lady was picking a daisy to pieces. She raised her eyes for a moment and looked at the captain.

"But if you are dead"—she suggested.

"Now you," the captain continued, raising himself on his elbow, "are too young even to have thought of a kiss."

"I have certainly never thought much of a kiss," said the lady.

"The thought does not fill you with delicious trepidation?"

"Oh, no."

"I thought not," said the captain in a gratified tone. "It does me, you know."

"Ah!" said the lady.

"You can't know what it's like."

"I've often kissed mamma."

"It's not quite the same thing; still, show me how you kiss mamma."

"Well, supposing my hand was mamma, I should go like that."

"I see. And what would mamma do?"

"Oh, I can't show you that. My hand can't kiss me, you know."

"The thought does not fill you with delicious trepidation?"

"But supposing I were your hand?"

"That's nonsense, isn't it? I couldn't suppose that."

"Well, then, supposing I were mamma—"

"But you're not a bit like mamma."

"I have it. Suppose you were mamma, and I were you!"

"That would do capitally; but we need not trouble. I see mamma coming now."

She pointed, and at the foot of the hill the captain also saw mamma.

"Has she good sight?" asked the captain.

"Ah!" said the captain, and he kissed the lady. With a little cry and a little laugh she sprang up and ran down the hill.

The captain closed his eyes, but in a moment a well known voice made him open them again. His wife stood before

him. She was looking very handsome, the captain thought. By her side stood young Jocelyn—Beauty Jocelyn, as they called him—the last joined cornet. The captain's wife and Beauty Jocelyn stood just in front of the captain, some six feet from him.

"I don't see why not," said the captain's wife to Beauty Jocelyn, and to the captain's horror Beauty Jocelyn kissed his wife.

"Another?" asked Beauty Jocelyn.

"I should like it," said the captain's wife.

"This is a hideous nightmare," thought the captain.

"Just one more!" pleaded Beauty Jocelyn.

"Well, if you—" began the captain's wife.

But the captain leaped to his feet.

"The devil!" he cried.

"Oh, you are awake now, dear, are you?" said his wife. "How imprudent to sleep in the sun! I met Mr. Jocelyn and he kindly helped me to find you."

"I was delighted," murmured Beauty Jocelyn.

"Delighted, you scoundrel!" exclaimed the captain.

"You dare to kiss my wife before my very eyes! And she—she permits it!" and the captain groaned.

"My dear captain, I kiss your wife," expostulated Beauty Jocelyn with raised eyebrows.

"Charles! How dare you!" said the captain's wife.

"You deny it? You have the audacity to deny it? Just now, this very moment you kissed her twice."

"You must have been dreaming Charles."

"At first I thought I was," said the captain bitterly; "but I am awake now."

"Ah, but you were dreaming!" insisted his wife, and her eyes wandered from his face and looked down the hill side.

Near the foot of the hill, side by side with a stout woman in black, the captain saw a white muslin dress and a blue sash. The eyes of the captain's wife rested an instant on the white and blue, then they traveled back and dwelt upon the captain's face.

"You were certainly dreaming," said the captain's wife, and Beauty Jocelyn smiled.

A pause followed. The captain thought he heard a light laugh wafted by the breeze from the foot of the hill. He looked again at his wife. His wife smiled.

"I must have been dreaming," said the captain.

Beauty Jocelyn laughed.

"But are you awake now?" asked his wife.

"Well, you woke me," said the captain.

"I thought we should," said his wife.

"Shall we go home now, Charles?"

"Perhaps we had better."

"You don't want to sleep any more?"

"No; I think, on the whole, I have slept enough."

"On the whole, perhaps you have."

His wife took the captain's arm and bowed to Beauty Jocelyn.

"Au revoir!" said Beauty Jocelyn, and when the captain saw him last he was tacking warily down the hill in the wake of the white and blue.

"I think Mr. Jocelyn likes dreams too," said the captain's wife.—True Flag

"I think, on the whole, I have slept enough."

James Samuels' Strange Story.

James Samuels, of Dubuque, a sergeant in the Twenty-first Iowa, was one of the seventy-five Americans who went to Cuba twenty years ago on the steamer Virginian and were shot by the Spaniards at Santiago. His name appeared in the list of the dead, and his family mourned him as such. They have just received a letter from him written at the Soldiers' home, Covington, Ind. He states that he was shot through the head and left for dead. Chance friends nursed him back to health, but the shot destroyed his memory, and the past was a blank. By some means unknown to him he recently reached Chicago, where he was recognized by an army comrade, who brought him to Covington, where his memory was restored.—Cor. Chicago Inter Ocean.

A Skating Challenge.

W. J. Weeks, a spry young man of seventy-two summers, of Yaphank, Long Island, challenges any person in the world, "regardless of age," to a match at skating. He has had a challenge for long distance speed skating, open to "any lad of seventy," for \$1,000 a side, standing for two years, with no takers. He proposes that the match shall consist of writing words and sentences comprising not less than a hundred letters, to be given out by the judges at the time of the contest, and to be judged by three experts in penmanship. English writers, Mr. Weeks says, assert that the feat of writing letters on the ice by skating is impossible, but he is ready to demonstrate their error.

This was an ancient burying ground for a race of giants, judging from the size of the bones found in the loamy soil of the hill. They show the men to have been very large.—Buffalo Courier.

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The Wild Career of a Bogus Chicago Ham.

Some small boys fastened wire to one of those wooden hams which are used for advertising purposes, and to the other end of the wire attached a lot of fish hooks, then dropped the fish hooks into the Madison street cable slot at Madison street, near Halsted. The hooks quickly took hold of the running cable, and away sped the ham toward the setting sun.

At Green street it struck and tossed into the mud handsomely dressed Jim De Meyer, the wine connoisseur. At Loomis street it struck an Italian's hand cart laden with fresh roasted peanuts and popcorn and scattered the load over the road. The ham journeyed right on, leaving the son of Italy and the street newsboys to fight over the peanuts and popcorn. A bicycle rider was upset at Lincoln street and slightly injured by colliding with the flying imitation pork. As the frayed edged ham danced along near Western avenue it caught the eye of a nearsighted saloon keeper.

"What a nice addition," muttered he, "to my free lunch counter." He grabbed board, threw himself into position like a grand stand ball player as he comes to bat, and as the ham approached him he swiped it about amidships, broke the wire and acquired the ham. The loafers who clad in their best clothes, stood lazily smoking cigars on the sidewalk, gently led the ham grabbing saloon keeper into his saloon near by.—Chicago Tribune

A Georgia Theory as to the Weather.

"Do you know where the comet has gone?" asked one of our citizens. "Well," he continued, "I'll tell you that, in my opinion, it hasn't gone anywhere. I think it is here—all about us. We are daily breathing comet, sneezing comet and feeling comet. We can't see it and probably don't smell it, but when the astronomers lost it I think it was because we ran into it or it over us before we knew it. This cold and unsettled weather throughout the world must be due to the presence in our path of a vapor that absorbs or intercepts the heat of the sun. You know some of the savants of the skies said the comet was only a vapor spread throughout a mighty area of space, luminous by absorption or reflection at a great distance from us, but invisible if about us, and contained not enough solid matter to make a handful."

I believe we are taking a prolonged comet bath—and I don't like it."—Atlanta Constitution.

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His Hand Froze to a Limb and Saved Him.
James Matthews and Dr. John Williams are the heroes of a remarkable adventure from which they barely escaped with their lives. They set out to cross Wolf river in an old bateau at a point where the stream is half a mile wide, and when about sixty yards from the bank, where the water was very deep, with a swift current, their boat sank and both were left struggling in the icy torrent. Matthews managed to reach a tree and pulled himself up to a seat on a stout limb. Dr. Williams was swept past this refuge, and could do no better than clutch the pendent branch of another tree. He was too much benumbed to reach the trunk, and was afraid to let go, so there he staid half submerged in freezing water, while his companion shivered on a limb near at hand, but unable to render him any assistance.

There they remained for several hours, when at length their cries were heard and a rescue undertaken. It was necessary first, however, to build a boat, and this took six hours more, and it was not until they had passed nearly ten hours in their perilous situation that they were finally taken off. Dr. Williams' hand had frozen to the limb he grasped, and it was necessary to bring the limb away with him. But for freezing to it he would have been swept away and drowned.—Memphis Cor. St. Louis Republic.

Painting the World's Fair Buildings.

Director of Decorations Millet is following after Leonardo's footprints. While engaged in devising schemes of loveliness for the adornment of the buildings in Jackson park, Mr. Millet has become an inventor. "We made an estimate," said Mr. Millet, "of the time it would take to color those buildings with a brush. We found it would be impossible to do it that way. There are acres of ceilings to be painted, so we turned the machine on them."

The machine which Mr. Millet's modesty prevents him from avowing as his own device is a gaspipe a foot long, flat at one end, so as to leave an opening an inch across and wide enough to insert a sheet of cardboard. This pipe is attached to a long piece of rubber hose. The other end of the hose is dipped in a barrel of paint. An electric motor does the rest. The painting of the World's fair buildings now proceeds apace.—Chicago Herald.

A Cold Weather Scheme.

On one of the busy down town streets there is a dealer in secondhand books whose stalls, outside of his door, are surrounded by a half dozen or more men at nearly all hours of the day looking for readable matter.

When the cold weather began this shrewd dealer saw that the stalls were not outside as usual, but in the window was a great placard reading: "Come inside, boys. It is too cold to stand out there and examine books. We have them all nicely warmed for you to handle." The scheme is working like a charm, and all the other secondhand book dealers on that thoroughfare wonder why they did not hit upon the idea first.—New York Times.

Death of a Johnstown Hero.

Romeo, the big dog which made almost a national reputation in connection with the flood at Johnstown, is dead at the age of 13 years. The animal was noticed extensively by the newspapers for his work as a rescuer in the disaster, particularly for saving the life of Mrs. Kress, the wife of his master. She was washed off a roof on which members of the family were afloat, and would certainly have drowned had not the dog swam to her aid, and, seizing her skirt in his teeth, regained the raft after a desperate struggle. Although he has been blind and deaf for some time, he has been cared for as tenderly as if he were human.—Cor. Pittsburg Dispatch.

Died in Accordance with His Wish.

On the Friday before his death General Butler sent for a business friend, and in the course of the conversation the sudden death of a mutual friend, the late Vice President Du Barry, of the Pennsylvania road, was mentioned. Mr. Du Barry had finished his day's work and then died. General Butler said to his friend:

"And that is the way I wish to die when my time comes. I am in no haste to leave this world. I shall be well content to stay here some years longer, but when my time shall come that is the way I wish to go. I want to do my day's work and die.—Hartford Courant.

An English Juror Fired.

The severity of British justice was well illustrated at Northampton the other day, where a trial for murder was in progress. The jury having been permitted to partake of a lunch in their room, one of their number took this opportunity to step out and post a letter. The judge, hearing of this, promptly gave the offending juror a strong lecture and fined him \$250. He dismissed the jury, and a new one was impaneled.—London Letter.

An Incident in the House.

The house met in continuation of yesterday's session. When the speaker's gavel fell to call the body to order a number of members who were ignorant of the fact that the house had merely been in recess reverently rose to listen to the chaplain's prayer, and then sat down amid the laughter of their better informed colleagues.—Washington Letter.

The mansion near the Schuylkill falls, once occupied by Governor Thomas Mifflin, of Pennsylvania, and a landmark of colonial days, has just been sold and is about to be demolished. Governor Mifflin was born in Philadelphia in 1744.

During the recent lord mayor's show in London the foul air of the crowded streets was noticeable. To such as sat slightly above the level of the pavement the impurity of the air was distinctly perceptible.

The Baby Played Its Part Well.

The hit of the evening at Herrmann's was the baby. Marion Manola and Jack Mason produced "Caste," and it was not until the third and last act of the play that anything interesting occurred. The first two acts were stupid, and there was absolutely nothing to interest the house. Mason was stiff and anxious, and Marion Manola was too tearful and cried all over the stage. The curtain went up on the great third act and revealed a prop baby and the usual accompaniments.

The widow talked love to the prop baby, and half a dozen characters made enough noise to awaken a Brooklyn policeman, yet the baby slept on all unconscious. Finally they took the baby off, and when it came on again it was a genuine baby, flesh and blood. It was a humorous baby for its age, for the programme said that but a year had elapsed while the orchestra was playing popular tunes. The baby must have grown rather rapidly, and it was too large for the crib from which it had apparently been taken but a few moments before.

The baby was letter perfect in his lines. It looked as if he was waiting for his cue and wagged its head at its papa. Mr. Mason, the returned dead warrior. Finally after he had handled it as if it were a pat of butter, its papa asked somebody to take it away, and then he went over and began to weep—why, nobody knew. No father need be ashamed of such a rapidly growing baby as that was, even on the stage.—New York Evening Sun.

Odd Death of a Bell Ringer.

A young man named George Vaughan, one of the ringers at the parish church at Presteigne, Radnorshire, lost his life on Monday under unusual circumstances. The church bells had been left after ringing for evening service on the previous day, in a position known as "set," and Vaughan went to the belfry about 2 o'clock in the afternoon to correct some small fault with the gear. He was not seen during the remainder of the day, but when some of the ringers went to the belfry in the evening they found Vaughan dead. His body was astride a beam among the bells.

It is supposed that in the course of his work he dislodged one of the bells, causing it to swing over, and that to save himself he had clutched the wheel of another and caused that to fall also. One of them had evidently struck him on the head, killing him instantly. Several persons recall noticing the sudden striking of one or two of the bells about 3 o'clock.—London Standard.

President Eliot's Salute.

The college boys who took part in the commencement dances at "The Pageant of the Year" are laughing at their unsuccessful attempt to salute President Eliot during the performance. They knew the seat which Harvard's president was to occupy, and so they arranged among themselves to give a salute to him as they skipped out in their inimitable exit. The dance was completed in due form, and they pranced out amid applause. When they reached the proper spot all saluted and disappeared behind the scenes, proud over the compliment which they had paid President Eliot. Judge their dismay when they learned that he was not in his seat then, and that he did not come in until several dances later! But no doubt the person who was saluted thought it very nice.

Boston Transcript.

Spellbound.

The eighty-five teachers in the public schools of Lockport had a spelling contest the other day, to the great delight of their pupils, because some of the teachers did not altogether cover themselves with glory. Of the eighty-five only five spelled "Rensselaer" correctly, and 74 per cent. of the whole number misspelled "acknowledgment." All of the following words were wrongly spelled by more than half of the teachers, and several of them by more than fifty: "Supersede," "resuscitative," "excellence," "benefited," "business," "medal," "mainenance," "milliner," "pretensions," "gascons" and "concede." The name "Gene see" is said to have caught a good many victims.—Boston Journal.

An Important Question.

On the night of the big Twenty-third street fire Dr. Buddington, anxious to get home and not knowing any reason why he should not do so, pushed his way through the crowd. A policeman ordered him back, and on his failing at once to obey knocked him down. Dr. Buddington, under the influence of the stinging blows, struck the policeman and was at once handcuffed and taken to the station house. The question which suggests itself is, How long must an orderly and law abiding citizen stand being clubbed by a policeman before he has a right to defend himself?—New York Herald.

Active Retirement.

It is said that Emile Zola has gone into retirement to finish his new novel, "Doctor Pascal." How many persons would be wishful that this distinguished Frenchman would stay in retirement right along, if he were not so perniciously active when in that situation. Under the circumstances the world would not be a whit the worse off if Zola never went into retirement at all.—St. Paul Dispatch.

A Noble Endowment.

By the death of Mrs. John C. Gammon, of Batavia, Ills., the Gammon School of Theology, a Methodist seminary for negro students at Atlanta, comes into possession of \$750,000. Mr. Gammon founded the school some years ago with a gift of \$50,000, and the last will and testament makes it one of the best endowed institutions in the south.—Springfield (Mass.) Union.

An Abundance of Fingers and Toes.

There was born on New Year's morning to Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Norton, of Wyandotte county, Kan., a baby. Each hand of this baby is provided with six fingers and each foot has six toes. All the fingers and toes are fully developed and perfect, so that it is impossible to tell which are the extra fingers and toes.—Kansas City Letter.

During the recent lord mayor's show in London the foul air of the crowded streets was noticeable. To such as sat slightly above the level of the pavement the impurity of the air was distinctly perceptible.

Seashore, Forest, and Mountain

THE publisher of this paper has made special, and for this locality exclusive, arrangements by which we are able to offer to our readers, WITHOUT EXPENSE, the full service of the

Recreation Department of The Christian Union

This department was organized to assist persons in their travels, by furnishing them with time-tables of any Railroad or Steamship line, the circular or card of any Hotel or Boarding-house, whether in cities or at Summer, Winter, Sea-coast, or Mountain Resorts, Sanitariums, or Springs. Information of this character, COVERING ANY LOCALITY IN THE WORLD, is furnished promptly and fully. If you will write, telling where you wish to go—either in this country or Europe—the most helpful circulars and time-tables will be sent you, together with descriptive printed matter issued by the railway or steamship lines by which you wish to travel. Letters and inquiries may be addressed either to this office or to the RECREATION DEPARTMENT OF THE CHRISTIAN UNION, 13 Astor Place, New York

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Shops adjoining centre depot.

Personal supervision of all orders, and all work neatly and promptly attended to.

26 Aug.

DO YOU WANT TO ADOPT A BABY?

Maybe you think this is a new business, sending out babies on application. It has been done before, however, but never have those furnished been so near the original samples as this one. Everyone will exclaim, "Well! that's the sweetest baby I ever saw!" This little black-and-white engraving can give you but a faint idea of the exquisite original.



"I'M A DAISY"

which we propose to send to you, transportation paid. The little darling rests against a pillow, and is in the act of drawing off its pink sock, the mate of which has been pulled off and flung aside with a triumphant look.

The dress is perfectly, and the eyes follow,

no matter what you do, and the expression

reproductions of this greatest painting of

Ide Waugh (the most celebrated of modern

painters of baby life) are to be given to those

who subscribe to Demarest's Family Maga-

zine for 1898. The reproductions cannot be

told from the original, which cost \$200, and

are the same size (17x22 cm.). The baby

is life size, and absolutely lifelike. We have

also in preparation, to present to our sub-

scribers during 1899, other great pictures by

such artists as Percy Moran, Maud Humphrey,

Louise Deschamps, and others of world-wide

renown. Take only two examples of what

we are doing next year, "A Yard of Pan-

sion" and "A White Horse Oread" by the

wife of President Harrison, and you will see

what our promises mean.

Those who subscribe to Demarest's Family Maga-

zine for 1898 will possess a gallery of ex-

quisite works of art of great value, besides a

magazine that cannot be equaled by any in

the world for its artistic illustrations and

subject matter, that will keep everyone per-

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York. If you are unacquainted with the

magazine, send 10 cents for a specimen copy.

Republican Reorganization.

There has been some talk since the result of the late presidential election became known concerning the necessity for a reorganization of the Republican party. Just what is meant by reorganization is not clear. If it is only proposed that changes shall be made in the method of conducting political campaigns in order to secure a better canvass and more accurate information as to the political affiliations or preferences of electors; to bring those who are temporarily charged with the management of the campaign and the party leaders into touch with the masses, and to provide a more effective means for reaching the individual voter, no one will question the necessity. If, again, by the reorganization of the Republican party is meant the abandonment of those principles of the party which are supposed to have met with popular disapproval, such a reorganization is impossible. It would involve a final dissolution of the party.

Any party which can adopt new principles to meet every chance emergency, and which has no higher aim than public plunder, is not worthy to receive, and cannot hope long to retain, the support of that portion of the country without which no party can succeed. It has been gravely suggested that the Republican party should seek success by an abandonment or a modification of its position upon the tariff, by the adoption of some modified financial proposition which would satisfy a supposed popular demand, or by a formal declaration against federal control of federal elections. The Republican party must look for success in the triumph of its principles, and not by trimming its sails to catch every popular breeze. Senator Dolph in North American Review.

Smelt Fishermen's Luck.

There was quite a panic among the smelt fishermen of Stroudwater the other evening. On the ice below the tide mill are about twenty of the little wooden box houses used by the fishermen. On one of the coldest evenings the fishermen were snugly ensconced in their little houses, with warm fires, pipes lit, and lines hanging down through holes in the ice for the benefit of the smelts.

It had been so cold that the water next the tide mill had frozen solid, so that when the miller hoisted his gate the water, instead of taking its accustomed channel, ran out on top of the ice to a depth of about six inches. The flood was upon the fishermen before they were aware of its cause. At once there was a panic. They left their warm houses and rushed headlong for the bank. Soon one of them, a genius, hatched a rope to his house and dragged it ashore. In a few minutes all had adopted the plan, and in a twinkling the smelt village had vanished. When the water subsided they returned.—Portland (Me.) Press.

To Breed Kangaroos in America.

Henry G. Adams, of Sydney, Australia, is here. From Montreal he goes to Topeka, Kan., and from that point he will reconnoiter the southwestern prairies with a view of purchasing large ranches for rearing an animal never seen outside of a cage on this continent—the kangaroo.

"The kangaroo is to take the place of the almost extinct buffalo," said Mr. Adams today. "I am confident," he continued, "that they will thrive in the same latitude as that in which the American bison multiplied to such enormous herds. I am told that the climate is similar to that of New South Wales, but I shall soon know the truth for myself. I will spend the winter in the southwest, and before the end of next summer I expect to make my first importation of kang

MILKING A MOOSE.

A PENOBSCOT GUIDE'S STORY OF ANOTHER TRUTHFUL GUIDE.

How "Dairyman Annance," of Moosehead, Managed to Secure Something for His Sportsmen to Drink Besides the Cold, Murky Water of the Lake.

"Here's a pretty mess! The milk is all gone."

The speaker was one of a party of four New York sportsmen who, with an equal number of guides, had been cruising about on the west branch of the Penobscot, but were now camping on the shores of Chamberlain lake, preparatory to returning to North East Carry. They had been out longer than they had planned, and some of the supplies had become exhausted.

Then turning to the guides, who were lying at full length on the ground quietly enjoying the young blood's discomfiture, he asks, "Isn't there a farmhouse or hotel near where we could buy some?"

"Depends on what you call near," replied a woodsman. "If you don't reckon forty miles far, then we are near a house, but that's about the distance—maybe a trifle more. You want milk powerful bad, don't you? Well, you fill up on water tonight, and I maybe in the morning I can accommodate you, though, mind you I don't promise!"

"You'll have to get a move on you, said one of the other guides, "if you are going to try to make the Carry between this and tomorrow"—well knowing that the journey in that time was impossible "for blant the Annance, if I know where you're going to find the color of milk nearer than that."

Annance made no response, but puffed silently at his favorite pipe. He had an idea, though, that he could get some milk, but did not mean to tell how.

That night, unnoticed, he left the camp about sunset, walked slowly through the woods for about a mile, and again came out on the shore of the lake at a point where a small stream formed an outlet.

This was near the place where he had seen the cow moose, and here he took up his position beside a trail leading to the water's edge, and along which he could see, if his knowledge of woodcraft did not deceive him, that the moose was in the habit of passing.

In this he was correct, for the guide had not been there more than an hour when he heard the sound of some animal approaching, and peering cautiously through the bushes he saw a cow moose making for the pool.

The animal sniffed the air a few times as she passed within a dozen paces of the hunter, but otherwise she did not show signs of alarm. She was soon in the water ridding herself of the flies and quenching her thirst.

While the moose was disporting herself Annance left his position behind the bush and walked a few steps toward her, and whenever she turned he would stand perfectly motionless.

By repeating this operation several times he managed to reach the edge of the lake without alarming the moose. As soon as the animal showed any signs of leaving the water, the guide retreated a few steps. Once or twice did the moose raise her head and look at him, only, however, to resume her clumsy frolics.

Presently the moose made toward the shore, and Annance concealed himself behind the brush again. At the edge of the lake the animal turned to take a last look and shake the spray from her nose. Then she advanced slowly up the sloping bank. When opposite the guide she sniffed something, stopped and looked around.

That was the guide's chance, and he knew it.

The critical moment had arrived, and with one quick but silent movement he was by the animal's side. She did not move except to turn her head and look at him. Annance kept near her hind quarters, well knowing that if he got in front of the moose he would not stand much chance should she become ugly.

Cautiously bending forward the hunter stroked her sides and allowed her to turn and smell of him. After a few seconds, seeing the moose did not appear frightened, Annance, with little more difficulty than is experienced with many domestic animals, proceeded to fill a small pail he had brought along with rich, yellow milk.

Returning to camp, he produced the milk when breakfast was ready in the morning, having kept the pail in the water over night, much to the astonishment of the guides and sportsmen.

People who visit Moosehead often hear Charles Annance spoken of as the "dairyman," and the foregoing story is what gives him the nickname.—Lowell Journal.

Almost Like Jonah.

"I've had some experience myself," said an old sailor, "but two years ago I came the nearest taking after Jonah that a man ever did. We had made a strike all right and the whale went down, not very far, but when he came up he had his mouth open, and somehow or other he came up with one jaw on the port and the other on the lee side of our boat. Surprised? Well, that whale looked very much as if he was ready to receive company, but I wasn't invited, so I made a break for another boat."—San Francisco Examiner.

Too Literal.

Mrs. Fangle—Have you secured a lodger for your second floor yet, Mr. Joslin?

Goslin (horrified)—I haven't been looking for a lodger, madam.

Mrs. Fangle—Why, I'm certain my husband told me you had rooms to let in your upper story.—Exchange.

Not So Much Spare Money.

The reason why there is less speculation in mining stocks in Wall street than there was formerly is not because there is less gold and silver mined west of the Mississippi, but because there is less unemployed cash east of that river.—New York Sun.

LEXINGTON

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

No ice of concerts, lectures, entertainments, etc., to which an admission fee is charged, or from which a revenue is derived, must be paid for as advertisements by the line.

=The joint installation of the officers to serve Post 119 and Corps 97 for the year 1893, which occurred in G. A. R. hall in P. O. block, Wednesday evening, was an interesting social and society event, which brought together more than a hundred people interested in what concerns the "boys in blue." A nicely spread and well served supper, excellent in quality, was served at 6:30 o'clock, but as there had to be a double service to accommodate all it was eight o'clock before the formal services of the evening commenced. The officers of Post 119 were first installed, Past-Commander Horace D. Durgin, assisted by Comrade Frank Marden, performing the service in a happy manner. The following is the full list:

Commander,—C. G. Kauffmann.
Sr.-vice Comr.—G. N. Gurney.
Jr.-vice Comr.—I. F. Burnham.
Adjutant,—Geo. D. Harrington.
Officer-of-day,—G. W. Wright.
Officer-of-guard,—Thomas Cosgrove.
Quarter-master,—J. N. Morse.
Chaplain,—A. A. Sherman.
Sergt. Maj.—H. H. Tyler.
Q. M. Sergt.—Willard Walcott.
Delegate,—G. H. Cutler.
Alternate,—E. S. Locke.

Mrs. Violet C. Durgin, assisted by Mrs. Ella Ilsley, Mrs. S. C. Frost and Mrs. Jessie Crosby, performed the ceremony for Corps 97 with the grace and skill which is a characteristic of all her W. R. C. work. The elective and appointed officers are as follows:

President,—Mrs. Julia C. Maynard.
Sr. Vice,—Mrs. Mattie A. Gurney.
Jr. Vice,—Mrs. Agnes A. Packard.
Sec'y.—Mrs. Jennie Smith.
Treas.—Mrs. Sara A. Darling.
Chaplain,—Miss Annie Freeman.
Conductor,—Mrs. Ellen E. Locke.
Guard,—Mrs. L. A. Page.
Asst. Con'r.—Mrs. Chastine McDonald.
Asst. Guard.—Mrs. E. V. Sherman.
Delegate,—Mrs. Lucretia F. Frizelle.
Alternate,—Mrs. C. McDonald.

Mrs. Maynard thanked the officers for their kindness and then called upon Rev. Irving Meredith, the only guest invited by herself, to speak in her stead. Mr. Meredith said he should have liked at least a moments' warning, but it was not difficult for him to speak amid such surroundings though not easy to select a theme among the thoughts and memories crowding in upon him. A son of a soldier of the rebellion, his earliest recollections were of matters connected with that period in our history. He spoke of the uprising in response to the call for defenders of the nation's life and wondered if the young men of to-day would prove as patriotic and self-denying in the face of a similar emergency. He hoped they would. If the G. A. R. lives up to the high privilege which it enjoys as an educator, he was sure there need be no fear for the future. Brief addresses were made by Comrades H. D. Durgin, S. C. Frost, A. H. Knowles and C. S. Parker, representing Post 36; Mrs. Durgin and Mrs. Ilsley from Corps 43; Comrades Darling and Kauffmann of Post 119; Mrs. Maynard and Mrs. Gurney of Corps 97. These latter addresses had a peculiar point and emphasis, Mrs. Gurney being the one through whom the Corps testified their appreciation of the worth of their retiring President, Mrs. Kirkland, by presenting an elegant gold badge, with chain and safety pin attached. Mrs. Kirkland made a fitting response. Mrs. Maynard's duty consisted in presenting to Mrs. Durgin a handsome "Lexington" souvenir orange spoon, the joint gift of herself and Commander Charles G. Kauffmann. Mrs.

Maynard was the recipient of an elegant basket of flowers, which she accepted in a few appreciative words. It will be readily perceived by this brief outline of the exercises of the evening that the affair can have but the most pleasant remembrances of all concerned.

=The No-license campaign will be fully inaugurated next month, in preparation for the annual town meeting, in March.

=An evening service will be held in the Unitarian vestry, Sunday evening, under the auspices of the Y. P. Guild.

=Master Don Rice has lost his dog. The finder will be rewarded on returning the animal.

=Last Sunday evening Rev. C. A. Staples began a series of talks on the books composing the Holy Bible, at the Unitarian church. The first address was on the book of "Genesis."

=Rev. Edw. H. Brown, of Cambridge, has been placed in charge of the parish of the Church of Our Redeemer, for the present. On Sunday, at this church, the service will be a memorial to the late lamented Bishop Phillips Brooks.

=Monday afternoon the Monday Club met once again with the president Mrs. B. F. Brown, on Hancock street. The ladies inaugurated at this time their study of Persian art and architecture.

=The "Tourists" meet this week with Florence Davis on Muzzey street. The club is still studying the works of Tennyson, which provide plenty of "mental food" for digestion.

=Childe-Hassam, the distinguished artist, makes his annual exhibition at the gallery of Doll & Richards, Park street, Boston, from Jan. 27th to Feb. 8th. His exhibit is always a marked event in art circles.

=Mr. Henry H. Scott, of Washington, D. C., was the guest of Selectman Muzzey and Major Muzzey during his visit to Boston last week to be present at the annual reunion and dinner at the Quincy House, Boston, of the 12th Mass. Regiment Association. Mr. Scott is the chaplain of the Association.

=Rev. C. A. Staples officiated at the wedding ceremony which united in holy wedlock Miss Ella T. Hutchinson, of No. Lexington, and Mr. Wm. F. Flint, of Danvers, Mass. The wedding took place at the home of the bride, on Thursday afternoon, at three o'clock.

=On Wednesday, at Concord, was held the meeting of the South Middlesex Conference of Unitarian churches, in which the Lexington church is included. Rev. C. A. Staples was present, as well as other representatives of the First Parish.

=A series of temperance meetings, held in the interest of the no-license campaign, will take place in Town Hall, on dates in the month of February. Parties are now negotiating with eminent speakers to address the Lexington people on the subject.

=The cold weather froze up a section of the apparatus at the electric light station, making it necessary to send to Connecticut for the damaged portion, thus delaying the trial of the lights till next week. It is hoped all may be in working order on Feb. 1st.

=A warroom and cases for the disposal of burial caskets in the reception room of C. T. West's undertaking establishment have just been added by the DeVeau Bros.

=The bargains at Tucker's will be appreciated by all.

=John Morrison, the painter, is doing the outside finish of the new Baptist church.

=The engagement of Miss May Walker, of Lexington, and Mr. C. T. Butler, of Roxbury, is announced this week.

=The weekly prayer meeting of the Baptist Society was held with Mrs. Tibbets, on Muzzey street, Thursday.

=The ladies of the Baptist Society will hold a church supper and sociable in Hunt Hall, Thursday evening, Feb. 2.

=You can buy your cottons, flannels, table linen, etc., as cheap at Tucker's in Hunt Bldg., as you can in Boston.

=The prayer meeting of the ladies of the Congregational church was held with Mrs. A. M. Redman, Thursday afternoon.

=The Leslie House has been entertaining sleigh parties during the excellent sleighing season. People will come to Lexington.

=J. S. Spaulding has removed to store formerly occupied by C. Royce, dealer in dry goods. This store is adapted to the "shoe trade," being central, near P. O., etc. New lines are being added each week and the facilities for repairing are first-class. There is to be a "bargain counter" where goods will be sold cheap, making this the leading shoe store.

=Next Monday evening, Jan. 30, will be observed what is termed Christian Endeavor Day among the members of this organization. The Hancock Endeavor society will hold their weekly meeting on this occasion and Duncan McLaughlin and Miss Bertha Redman will conduct the exercises. The topic selected is "The day of small things. God's blessing upon it."

=A parish tea was the occasion of a pleasant informal gathering of the people attending the First Parish church, on Thursday evening. After tea had been served a discussion of the project of making this church a "free church," to be supported by voluntary contributions, was taken part in by members of the parish who always show a vital interest in the welfare of their home church.

=On Wednesday afternoon, from four to six o'clock, the Goodwin residence off Merriam street was hospitably thrown open for one of those pleasant social functions—an "at home"—which was largely attended by ladies of Lexington and of the adjoining towns and cities. Madam Goodwin received her guests with her usual gracious and cordial manner and was assisted by Mrs. Goodwin and Miss Goodwin who charmingly seconded the efforts of their mother in making their friends welcome. An elegant "tea" was served during the hours of the reception.

=Owing to a misunderstanding between her and her secretary, Mrs. Susan S. Fessenden was unable to keep her appointment at Lexington on Tuesday, at half past two, but arrived later in the afternoon and addressed a goodly company of ladies in the parlor of Keeley Institute on the work of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, of which she is a prominent and distinguished member. The subject of her address was "The rise, growth and progress of the W. C. T. U." She gave the ladies a full and graphic account of the work pursued and the objects aimed at by the Union, and by such great and conspicuous lights in the work as Mrs. Leavitt and Lady Somerton showed that the organization was gathering to itself women of great talent and ability, and had won for itself a high place in the respect of all interested in the advancement of philanthropic movements. Mrs. Fessenden's fascinating personality made her talk weld a strong influence over those who heard her in favor of the work just being introduced by our local Union.

=The first of next week will find the improvements on F. C. Jones' store, on Main street, completed. The old store has been enlarged by building out toward the street about fifteen feet, which now makes the store of generous proportions and one of the most desirable in town both for size and location. Large show windows give additional light, and the space is generously furnished with convenient counters and numerous glass show cases. Cabinets for newspapers and periodicals, for the display of stationery and other wares, give all a trim and business like aspect. A large and handsome new soda fountain, of a rich dark French marble and silver trimmings, with over cabinet and mirror framed in antique oak, is a conspicuous addition to the other radical improvements in the store. The painters and paper hangers have decorated the ceiling and walls with much taste, an agreeable tone of cream and salmon tints having been selected for their treatment. The large number of patrons and friends of Mr. Jones are invited to call and see the new quarters. One of the most radical changes in the premises has been effected by lowering the floor eighteen inches adding just so much to the height of the room and making the store of easy access from the street.

=The Endeavor Society of the Baptist church held an interesting and pleasant sociable in the vestries, last Wednesday evening, having invited the society at the Heights to be present. An oyster supper was furnished from caterer Hardy's and served at 7:15, two tables being used to accommodate the company. After supper an entertaining program was given. Miss Alice Johnson played a piano solo, and Master Fred Roberts gave a recitation. Prof. Schwamb furnished a delightful and instructive hour giving an account of his recent tour in China and Japan, explaining the modes of travel and other interesting features pertaining to these unique foreign countries. The remainder of the evening was spent socially.

=The installation of the officers of Independence Lodge, A. O. U. W., took place under happy auspices in their lodge room, in Post Office Block, Tuesday evening. District Deputy Tuthill, of Waltham, officiated as installing master, and

highly complimented the lodge on their record of the past year and the results shown on this occasion of the high standing of the organization. A new candidate was initiated on Tuesday evening.

After the officers had been installed Past Master Workman Bicknell was invited to step forward, and in a neat and appropriate speech Foreman Frank Peabody presented him with an elegant and costly

Past-Master Workman's badge as a mark of appreciation from the officers and members of Independence Lodge.

At the close of these pleasant exercises a handsome supper was furnished by Caterer N. J. Hardy, for which he is to be

highly complimented for its exceptional

excellence. Speeches and informal social intercourse agreeably filled the remainder of the evening. The officers installed for the ensuing year are as follows:

Past-Master,—Q. Bicknell, Jr.
Master,—D. A. Dow.
Foreman,—Frank Peabody.
Overseer,—G. A. Warner.
Recorder,—C. H. Sherman.
Financier,—E. S. Locke.
Receiver,—A. E. Locke.
Guide,—John McKay.
Inside Watch,—Stilman Kinball.
Outside Watch,—Lester Tompkins.
Trustee, 3 years,—H. M. Howard.

Alington Locals.

Continued from 1st page.

=We are indebted to Rev. Irving C. Tomlinson, who was mainly instrumental in establishing the same, the following particulars in regard to "Arlington Study Club," and the prescribed course as laid out by the committee:

"The study of the history of the discovery of North America naturally divides itself into three parts: First,—How did this continent, unknown for so many centuries, become known? Second,—Who were the brave navigators who dared to push forth into unknown seas in search of the far away land? Third,—How did it happen that a continent, discovered by an Italian in vessels of Spain and succeeded by Portuguese and the French, became New England? As will be seen from the outline given below these questions will be fully answered in the ten evenings to be devoted to the discovery of America." The course is as follows:

I. HOW IT CAME ABOUT.

1. Ancient America.
1. The origin of the American Indian.
2. The Indian at the time of the discovery.

II. The world before Columbus.

1. The views of the ancient Greeks.
2. Ptolemy and Tascannelli.
3. The Northmen.

III. The new birth of the world.

1. Marco Polo. 2. Printing and the revival of learning. 3. What gunpowder did.

IV. Sailing around Africa.

1. The old Phoenicians and Prince Henry. 2. Around the Cape of Good Hope.

V. WHO THE DISCOVERERS WERE.

1. Christopher Columbus.

1. His early life and character. 2. His four voyages. 3. His last days. Books upon Columbus.

VI. The first successors of Columbus.

1. The Cabots. 2. Americus Vespucci. 3. Balboa and Magellan.

VII. Cortez and Pizarro.

1. Ancient races in Mexico and Peru.

2. The conquest of Mexico. 3. The conquest of Peru.

III. WHAT WAS DONE WITH THE DISCOVERY.